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positive evidence as we have, points solely to the smaller rodents as their source of food supply. Unquestionably, they are an exceedingly beneficial raptor, though their rarity would, of course, impair their collective usefulness.

As I hung there, studying at first hand the nest of a Spotted Owl, there came a last evidence of the bird's mild stupidity. Suddenly the shadow of her broad, silent wings fell across me, and I instinctively cringed. While I still clung to the nesting ledge with one hand, and to her protesting young with the other, she swept in and alit within eighteen inches of my fingers. And yet, so little of menace was in her eye and pose, that I calmly left my bare hand within striking distance until we were ready to lower away. Surely the veriest dicky-bird of them all,—so despised of Mr. Dawson in a certain raptor eulogy,—would do more to avenge the supposed rape of her offspring than did this taloned bird of prey, sitting idly by without apparently the courage to protect its young by fight, or the common sense to protect herself by flight.

One of the young was left in the nest in the confident hope that it would be safely reared there as soon as our tackle should be removed. The other and larger bird was taken, and is now in my collection. It proved to be a male, and furnishes a good example of the bird in the juvenal down.

On our way out the next day, we were delighted to see the adult bird and her young sitting complacently side by side in the nest as we passed, the old bird content in the quiet possession of her home, the youngster still abob with undiminished curiosity. And thus we left them—to the undying disgust of the dyed-in-the-wool collector of the party—left them to their wilderness of pines and clouds, and wrinkled, fog-filled valleys, thousands of feet below.

York Harbor, Maine, July 25, 1914.

HENRY W. MARSDEN

By LOUIS B. BISHOP

ON FEBRUARY 26, 1914, at Pacific Grove, California, after a short illness with pneumonia, there rested from his labors Henry Warden Marsden. Known personally to but comparatively few ornithologists and even by name to not very many men out of California, the last fifteen years of his life were devoted almost exclusively to collecting birds; and those of us who possess the results of his work have not only beautiful bird skins but a living memory of an earnest, loyal helper, who spared neither time nor effort that our collections might be enriched with what we needed for scientific study, and no more. For, like all truly interested in birds, he hated to take life needlessly. Writing me from Arizona some years ago he said of the Pyrrhuloxia: "They are too beautiful to kill"; and in his last letter from Pacific Grove, written only a few days before his death, I read: "I have skinned forty Cassin Auklets which I found dead along the shore. I don't know what I shall do with them, but I hated to let them spoil." And this conscientiousness followed him through all his work. His chief fear, frequently expressed to me in letters, was that he would send us more than we needed of any species.

Things of beauty, as I have said, his bird-skins were, and probably, all things considered, the finest ever made; they could only have been the product of one with both rare talent and love for his work. And both of these he had, as well as interest in other branches of ornithology, though he wrote but little.

His letters to me breathed always the same spirit,—hope that he would get us what we wanted, sorrow that he had not been more successful, or extreme pleasure that what he had sent had proved interesting. He was our personal friend, to whom collecting was a pleasure, and who rejoiced in adding to our collection what it was impossible for him to keep himself.

Born in Boston in 1856, of English parentage, his paternal grandfather a clergyman of the Church of England, he worked for many years as a skilled accountant in the firm of C. D. Hovey & Company. Having lost both wife and child while still a young man, he lived for ten years in the family of Mr. A. G. Olney, of Woolaston, Massachusetts, his most intimate friend. Already much interested in birds he became a member of the Bristol Branting Club, founded by John C. Cahoon, whose clubhouse is at Monomoy on Cape Cod, and, after the sad death of the latter while collecting birds in Newfoundland, was elected his successor as Secretary and Treasurer. This post he held until sickness compelled him to seek a more genial climate than that of New England. At Monomoy he and the writer became acquainted in September, 1890. There, as we tramped the mud-flats and sand-hills together and fought mosquitoes, our mutual interest in birds from a different standpoint than that of sport drew us into a friendship that lasted till his death. Eskimo Curlew, which we obtained at that time, proved to be among the last taken in Massachusetts.

At Monomoy we met again for a few days in the summers of 1892, 1894 and 1897, but by the last year Mr. Marsden's health had begun to fail. That fall tuberculosis of the lungs manifested itself, and he spent the winter in Florida in search of health. Some improvement followed, and again we spent two weeks together at Monomoy the following August. But it was all too evident that the disease was not cured, and he returned to Florida for the winter, writing me from there in February, 1899, that he had decided to spend the summer and following winter there, and then go to Colorado.

"I hate awfully to give up my old associates, but I must submit to the inevitable", in this letter, was the nearest to a complaint I ever knew him to utter. So in broken health and well on toward middle age he turned his face to the West to spend the rest of his life among strangers, his home and friends left behind, and what seemed his life-work broken. But out of this apparent failure he made success, and found his true vocation. For, that collecting birds was his real calling, the excellence of his work attests. No one can do beautiful work unless his heart is in it. To some his work may not seem the highest in ornithology, but it was the direction in which his opportunity and duty lay, and perhaps some day we shall all realize better than now that there is indeed "no great and no small to the Soul that maketh all".

In the fall of 1899 he went to Colorado, spent the winter of 1900-01 in New Mexico, and on his return to Colorado the following spring began collecting birds for some of us in the East, which work he continued until his death. This gave him a new interest in life, and made him feel he was still of use in the world, even though he was incapacitated for a more confining employment. But, after temporary improvement, his health again failed, and in the fall of 1902 he moved to California, spending the winter in Redlands. Here he felt he had found the climate for which he sought, his health improved, and, after spending the summer of 1903 again in Colorado, he went to Witch Creek, San Diego County, California, which was henceforth his home. Most of the next year he spent at Witch Creek, his health and spirits steadily improving in the dry, warm air which he found there.

In January, 1905, he went to Arizona, spending February and October near Tucson and the months between in the Huachuca Mountains. There he added the Salvin Hummingbird to the avifauna of the United States. The winter saw him again at Witch Creek, and the following spring he joined a party under Mr. W. W. Brown, Jr., on a collecting trip to Guadalupe Island and other islands off Lower California. The hardships of this trip were too great for his enfeebled constitution; but he felt so much better after another summer and fall at Witch Creek that February, 1907, saw him again at Tucson. This time he visited the Santa Rita and Chiricahua Mountains; but the altitude, climbing, and lack of comforts told rapidly on his strength, so that by September he was obliged to return to Witch Creek.

This was the last time he left California. During the following year he made trips to various parts of this State, collecting more or less extensively in Humboldt, Mendocino, Yolo, Siskiyou, Tehama, Colusa, Solano, Merced, Kern, San Mateo and Monterey counties. At Sherwood, in Mendocino County, in 1908, he added the Chestnut-sided Warbler to the birds known to occur in California, and at Eureka the following year, the Alaska Longspur. Soon after he decided to make California his home, he joined the American Ornithologists' Union and the Cooper Ornithological Club, and enjoyed the friendship of those members of the latter that his travels allowed him to meet, and I think he left friends wherever he went. He was a delightful companion. No one could meet him without appreciating his absolute sincerity, or become acquainted with him without liking him. His letters showed he had much interest in the Cooper Club, but diffidence prevented his contributing frequently to the pages of *THE CONDOR*. He felt his true vocation lay in collecting and preparing beautiful specimens, not in writing about them. Occasionally notes by him may be found in *THE CONDOR*, as enumerated at the end of this article, but that is all.

Thus the years passed in an almost constant struggle against ill-health, and in loneliness tempered by his interest in his work. Early in November, 1913, he left Witch Creek on what proved to be his last trip, and, after a couple of months at Colusa, reached Pacific Grove in January. There, on the 17th of February, 1914, he added the Horned Puffin (*Fratercula corniculata*) to the list of California birds, and only nine days later, his long contest with sickness and loneliness ended, passed into a "sleep that knows not breaking, morn of toil, nor night of waking."

The following articles appeared from the pen of Henry W. Marsden:

Aerial Battle of Red-tailed Hawks, *Buteo borealis calurus*. *CONDOR*, VII, 1905, p. 53.

Feeding Habits of the Lewis Woodpecker. *CONDOR*, IX, 1907, p. 27.

Chestnut-sided Warbler at Sherwood, Mendocino County, California. *CONDOR*, XI, 1909, p. 64.

Alaska Longspur at Gunther's Island, Eureka, California. *CONDOR*, XII, 1910, p. 110.

New Haven, Connecticut, June 23, 1914.

NOTES ON A COLONY OF TRI-COLORED REDWINGS

By JOSEPH MAILLIARD

ALTHOUGH some years ago I described a breeding colony of Tri-colored Redwings (*Agelaius tricolor*) located near an artesian well in Madera County, California, I have been so much interested in another colony